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# LEHIGH Bachelor

Christmas Issue

The Football Question

Chinese Education --- 1940

17 Cartoons

-- FIFTEEN CENTS --





# CAMELS

# PRINCE ALBERT

Give Camels for Christmas—for Camel is the cigarette that's particularly welcome. Especially in this gay gift package below. Contains 4 boxes of the popular flat fifties. Easy to get—a right gift. Your dealer has it.

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*Gifts that are sure to please in beautiful Christmas wrappers*

# LEHIGH Bachelor

Christmas Issue

Volume 1 Number 2 Dec. 1940

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# Beer and Skittles

### • Faculty Member of the Month



Prof. Wilson L. Godshall

Born Lansdale, Penna., Apr. 26, 1895 . . . Southern High School, Phila. . . . B.S., A.M., Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania . . . Member of track team . . . Lambda Chi Alpha social fraternity . . . Pi Gamma Mu (National Social Science Honor Society) . . . Tau Kappa Alpha (National Honorary Debating Society) . . . Visiting Professorships at: U. of the Philippines, St. John's U. (Shanghai), Lingnan U. (Canton), U. of Washington, Penn State, U. of Maine . . . Author of: *International Aspects of the Shantung Question* (1923), *Tsingtau Under Three Flags* (1929), *American Foreign Policy: Formulation and Practice* (1937), *Map Studies in European History and International Relations* (1940), Co-author of *Introduction to Politics*, (in press) . . . Associate Professor of International Relations and Diplomatic History, Lehigh since 1939 . . . Made two trips around the world . . . Present home: 115 E. Market St., Bethlehem . . . Hobby—philately . . .

### • This Issue

Throw away the rest of the BACHELOR if you want to, but keep Charles "Chuck" "Swark" Thompson's print of Packer hall. This is the first of a series of Lehigh prints by Thompson. We think we have something really good.

Also on the extra-special list this month is Dean Congdon's article on education in China. Here is an interesting article by one who really knows his subject.

next page, please

THE LEHIGH BACHELOR is published seven times this year by an undergraduate group at Lehigh University. Exclusive reprint privileges granted all recognized college magazines. Subscription for seven issues, 75 cents. Single issue, 15 cents.



# J. H. Kinney and Company

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Their Best Wishes

for a

Merrie  
Christmas

and a

Successful Year



Your Patronage

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Sincerely Appreciated

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Joe  
Louie  
Janey  
et. al.

## Beer and Skittles

### • Swords

The United States Army has finally discarded the officer's saber. The saber has proved virtually useless against tanks and bombers.

### • Student

At the Lafayette game we sat behind a fellow student who was actually working some gruesome problems that seemed to combine chemistry and calculus. At least there were a lot of pH's and NaCl's and  $dy/dx$ 's on the page. Perhaps it was the mystery known as physical chemistry. Anyway, it seemed to be a weird thing to be doing at a football game.

We drew his attention to the fact that there was a game. He smiled a bit perplexed, mumbled something about if he only had his slide rule, folded the paper neatly, and then tore in into little bits.

### • Tongue in Cheek

The football season is over now and the boys on the team can forget about afternoon practice, get back to their books, and start to pull their averages up. They have had quite a hard time. The University doesn't believe in tutors, and it isn't much fun for a player to come back to the house after a heavy scrimmage and then put in several hours of difficult study for the next day's assignments.

Why is it that the football team should be the only group to sacrifice as much as they do for the sake of "loyalty to Lehigh" or "school spirit?" The obvious answer is, they shouldn't.

There is a definite group in this school, not in many activities, who have all the time in the world to concentrate on their books, and who make excellent scholastic averages. Why wouldn't it be possible to form a society of tutors from this group, a society of students who, because of "school spirit", would tutor the members of the football team without charge?

With the help of a good tutor, the average football player could accomplish his school work much more efficiently and in much less time than he ordinarily could. Relieved of many of his scholastic worries, he could devote more of his time and energy in becoming a better player. In short, such a plan would not only improve the team's scholastic standing, but it would also improve the quality of Lehigh football.

### • Average Lehigh Undergrad

Jimmy Colenso, who manages the local Stewart Howe



Alumni service, took 101 biographical forms of Lehigh men at random and worked out the following dope:

Joe Lehigh has brown hair, blue eyes, about 5 feet 10½ inches tall, and weighs 156.2 pounds.

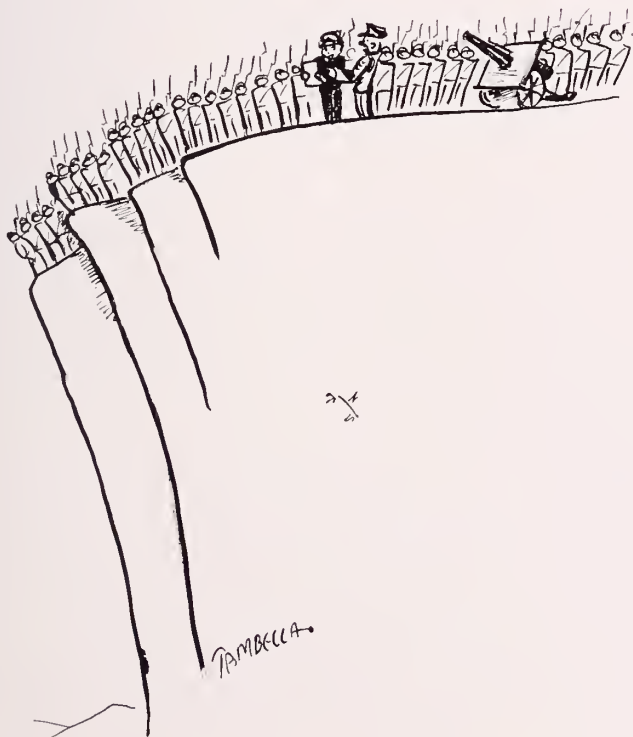
Football, wrestling, track and golf, in that order, are his favorite sports. Tennis and swimming are close behind.

Photography is a standout on the list of hobbies, and music in the field of special interests. Other hobbies are stamp collecting, bridge, travel, guns, automobiles, radio, boating, chess, nature study, and smooching.

Some deductions on a score basis: Stamp collecting is as popular as reading; hunting and fishing are more popular than soccer, boxing, hockey, or bridge; lacrosse is more popular than baseball or basketball; and modern music and nature study receive the same amount of attention from undergraduates.

### • Orson Welles, Jr.

The Theta Xi's rigged up an amplifier the other night and with the aid of sound effect records filled Delaware avenue with the noises of a Nazi invasion replete with airplanes, bombs, machine guns, et al.



Must be a typographical error, General.

# Lehigh University

## College of Arts and Science

Courses leading to careers as geologist, biologist, bacteriologist, actuary, statistician, psychologist; preparatory to professions of medicine, law, dentistry, and ministry; professional courses in education and journalism. Courses preparatory to positions in government service.

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A beautiful campus.  
A distinguished alumni body.  
A loyal and spirited student body.

For information address:

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## AS WE SEE THEM

The horticulturist	seedy
The dentist	down in the mouth
The nobleman	rank
The farmer	rakish
The pirate	chesty
The barber	trim
The boxer	stunning
The track man	dashing
The electrician	shocking
The pickpocket	frisky
The horseracer	sulky
The professor	quizzical
Beau without bouquet	lackadaisical
The printer	depressed
The author	pensive
The bootblack	polished
The woodsman	spruce
The lifeguard	buoyant
The baker	pious
The geologist	worldly

Professor—"Didn't you have a sister in this course last year?"

Student—"No sir, it was I. I'm taking it over again."

Prof.—"Extraordinary resemblance, though—extraordinary."

## THE NEW STREET GANG



Whatddaya mean you're scared to look in the tank. It's a safety match.

The traditionally absent-minded professor entered a barber shop and seated himself firmly in the barber's chair.

"A haircut," he requested mildly. The barber looked perplexed.

"Sir, your hat, you haven't removed your hat."

Instantly the professor was all apologies.

"I'm so sorry," said the professor. "I didn't know there were ladies present."

"What we need in this town," said the theatrical producer, "is something to stir up the public."

"Fine, let's have a woman ride down Broadway on a white horse like Lady Godiva did."

"Boy, that's just the thing . . . I haven't seen a white horse on Broadway in years and years."

—Texas Ranger

It may be imagination,  
But I think it's an indication  
Of the state of the nation,  
That despite preoccupation  
With the current inflammation  
Of every international relation,  
We can still find relaxation  
In healthy dissipation.

—Yale Record

Lover—"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Petted—"What's the matter? Is the gin all gone?"

—Texas Ranger

A free box of Life Savers goes to R. O. Quadowitz, Arts '44, for this bit of wit:

"Who are those people doing all the cheering?" asked an inquisitive recruit as the soldiers boarded the train.

"Those," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

# JOHN DAVID

JDC

## Clothes Expressly Styled for the College Man



For many years we have been successfully filling the clothing needs of men. Now we render the same service to college men. Not with clothes to which we just attached a "college" label. But with clothes, specially styled and tailored, that rightfully *earned* the college label.

They're our VARSITY-TOWN Clothes,

famous for their correct yet inspired interpretation of university style. They're right. They make you feel and look right. They fit you into the college picture. And with it all, our prices conform strictly to the college man's budget. Let your next suit or coat be by VARSITY-TOWN, you'll appreciate what we mean.

SUITS \$30 TO \$38

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 43D STREET

BROADWAY AT 32D STREET

BROADWAY AT DEY STREET

"I want to grow trees in my garden. Can you sell me a few seeds?"

"Certainly, madam," replied the assistant. He fetched her a packet.

"Can you guarantee these?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, we can."

"Will the trees be tall and thick in the trunk?"

"They should be, madam."

"And quite strong at the roots I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, madam."

"Very well, I'll take a hammock at the same time."

Mrs. Easley: I'm going to enter my dog in the dog show this year.

Mrs. Harder: Do you think he will win?

Mrs. Easley: No, but he'll meet some nice dogs.

Honesty is not the best income tactics.

"Do you know that man who smiled at you?" asked the jealous suitor.

"Yes!" replied his girl. "He's a colleague of mine."

"What does he do?"

"He signs the letters I type."

"The score is thirteen to nothing—we're going to lose this game."

Two gossips were watching a neighbor entering her home after a shopping expedition.

"Ah," remarked one, "its only swank that she's going about like that — with her arm in a sling and her eye bandaged up."

"Swank?" queried the other.

"Yes," was the emphatic pronouncement. "It's just to make people believe that her husband has come back."

McPherson joined a golf club and was told by the professional that if his name was on his golf balls and they were lost they would be returned to him when found.

"Good," said McPherson. "Put my name on this ball."

The pro did so.

"Would you also put M.D. after it?" said the new member. "I'm a doctor."

The pro obeyed.

"There's just one more thing," went on the new player. "Can ye squeeze on also, 'Hours, 10 to 3'?"

The income tax is often responsible for that blank expression.

Boarder: Hey! I found a nickel in my hash.

Landlady: Yes. I put it there. You've been complaining about the lack of change in your meals.





## FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best gag submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

Ten horses are smarter than fifty thousand men. If you put ten horses in a race, fifty thousand people will crowd in to see them run: but if you put fifty thousand men in a stadium, how many horses would come to see them?

"My feet hurt."

"What's the matter?"

"I've been biting my nails again."

## THINGS I NEVER KNEW ABOUT COLLEGE TILL NOW

- (1) That it's a place to study.
- (2) That to take a woman on the second floor of most frat house involves a "board" meeting—if you are a pledge.
- (3) That there are more courses in anatomy taken in this locality than the profs ever imagined.
- (4) That new sorority pledges are just as scared when they go on the first date as the frat pledges. It works both ways.
- (5) That you shouldn't buy books. You're a sucker if you do . . . especially if you live in a frat house.
- (6) That turning up your trousers isn't necessary in rainy weather. Not a requirement but a fad.
- (7) That ten alarm clocks in a dorm can sound like the mutterings of a cannon—if you can't sleep.
- (8) That necking isn't a luxury or an act—it's required.
- (9) That a blind date is a silhouette in the nite which distracts from one's studies.
- (10) That having five dollars makes you a marked man.
- (11) That if you have three coats and two pair of trousers you can make five swell combinations. We're going to buy another suit now to try that out.

A is for the apples in my pie;

B is for the bats in my eye;

L is for the lovely little things

O is for all the other things I can think of;

M is for the million things we think of;

S is for some other something

Put them all together and they spell Abloms

Which doesn't mean a thing to me.

"Fifty dollars for a bottle of perfume?"

"Now, don't get excited, I get a nickel back on the bottle."



"Pardon my back."



PACKER HALL

Thompson





**W**HEN the forefathers of many of us were cave-men on the Isles of Briton, dressed in animal skins, killing their prey with clubs and large stones, wolfing their practically raw meat of wild animals as they sat on their haunches around a fire in the open woods—at the same time Chinese gentlemen and gentlewomen were dressed in silks, eating delicate viands brought from many countries, and served on lovely chinaware, sitting at carved teakwood tables and discussing a literature or canons of art which was already a heritage. Some of China's most artistic pottery dates back to the Stone Age of the Celts.<sup>1</sup> The proud educational tradition of the Chinese goes as far back as the millenium before the Christian era. In those good old days a tutor and a few classics were all that were necessary to carry on the task of educating the rising generations.

This ancient educational tradition continued with little change until the present century. With the founding of the Republic in 1912, the first period of modern education had its inception. Then came a renaissance movement which emphasized both the new scientific spirit and method, and democratic ideals. Actually, a university of Western learning had been established in Peking as early as 1900. By 1922, the Chinese began a more indigenous program of a much more effective system of western education. When the new National Government was established in 1928, the national ideal and spirit, stemming from the San Min Chu I of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Republic, dominated the educational objectives of this period making them nationalistic. By 1936, there were 108 institutions of higher learning, however, and modern scientific and sociological education continued to progress at an increased pace.

Then came Japan's invasion of China. When Japan completed its domination of Manchukuo, it proceeded first to close all upper schools; second to interdict the use of Chinese textbooks and provide Japanese-written and edited textbooks in the lower schools. It reopened higher schools very slowly. After two years less than half as many schools had been reopened as existed prior to Japanese control.

High schools and colleges were purposely not reopened. The reason is that adolescent students trained in love of the Chinese Republic might prove too recalcitrant, especially if given further education. However, in 1937 the Japanese began to build a "national" university. By the time it opens in a year or so with its three-year preparatory course, its three-year college course and a graduate course, eligible students will be those whom the Japanese have tried throughout the grade schools thoroughly to indoctrinate with loyalty to the Japanese regime. Even these students will be carefully sifted before any are admitted to higher education.

The Japanese-dominated government announced the following objectives of the new institution:

"Special emphasis will be laid on inculcating the spirit of the founding of Manchukuo and respect for labor and in encouraging military training. The study of languages is offered in order

# Chinese Education-1940

**Wray H. Congdon**

Who was an educator  
in China 1915-1928

■ Article ■

practically to realize the basic spirit of the founding of Manchukuo." Regarding the post-graduate division they announced, "Research in the basic ideals of the founding of Manchukuo, with the hope of giving them systematic and rational articulation" will be carried on.<sup>2</sup>

Obviously the foreign lords of North China are using the educational system for the purposes primarily of political indoctrination and filling up their labor and military battalions in the most approved fascist manner.

Though the Chinese students and scholars have indeed been dispersed from the Japanese-dominated areas of China to free China, they have by no means been suppressed. Before the Japanese invasion, China boasted of 108 creditable institutions of higher learning—42 universities, 34 colleges and 32 technical schools. As a result of the Japanese invasion, 77 of these were literally demolished or uprooted. Many moved the bulk of their staffs, students, libraries and movable equipment west and southwest for distances varying anywhere from 38 miles (Soochow University) to 1425 miles (Kuang Hua University from Peiping). At least 13 such institutions evacuated to distances of 1000 miles or more. The trek of these students and professors by foot, by mule back, by boat, occasionally by train, often packing their precious books and equipment on their backs, is one of the most inspiring odysseys of modern education. Perhaps 14 of the original 108 institutions have not been disturbed because of their geographical situations. All but 8 of the remaining 94 have been reestablished in one form or another, many miles from the places of their origins.<sup>3</sup>

Would you listen to the tale of the diabolical extermination of one of these fine institutions? It happened outside the gates of Tientsin, to Nankai University which I knew well and have visited often.

Half a mile outside the South Gate of Tientsin lies a mission compound in which stands the boys' academy where for two years I was principal. To the southeast from this school about one mile lies the Japanese Concession with a large Japanese barracks. Directly south of the academy about one-half mile stood Nankai—not far from the Jap-

<sup>2</sup> Michael, "'Education' in the Puppet State," *Far Eastern Mirror*, Vol. 1, No. 12, Sept. 10, 1938, p. 37.

<sup>3</sup> Freyn, Hubert. *Chinese Education in the War*, Kelly and Walsh, Ltd., Shanghai, China. Chap. II.

<sup>1</sup> The Romance of Chinese Art, Chapter on "Pottery and Porcelain", p. 109. Garden City Publishing Co., Garden City, N. Y.

# El Suerte Smiles

A spy, a beautiful  
woman and a  
Spanish sky

Duke Lysander '44

■ Storiette ■

**I**N SPAIN it's El Suerte and in the States it's Fate. Call it what you like, it's still the thing that keeps some of us living by giving us an accidental lucky break when affairs get out of hand. It kills some of us. Like a woman, its whims are unpredictable. I knew a woman once who was very beautiful. She and Fate, the two of them, met one summer evening in a red Spanish sky.

In the early days of the Spanish Revolution, I was a spy for the Loyalist army, posing as a news correspondent with the rebel army. Later, I was kept at my own base as a liaison officer of our intelligence division, but occasionally special assignments took me from the drudgery of my typewriter into the old excitement again.

One evening, soon after we had captured a rebel spy named De Gata, I was ordered to make a parachute jump on the invader side of the lines and take his place on the rebel intelligence staff until I could complete the escape of the great Doctor Alcalé, who was in hiding near Lerida. I was chosen because my resemblance to De Gata was extremely close.

Late that night I dropped from a plane and landed near that Aragon town; the following afternoon I reported to Major Siguena, the head of the Aragon division of the invading intelligence service. After I had successfully presented the proper credentials I could look upon the situation with reasonable assurance.

That evening, while having cocktails with the major, a woman was introduced who called herself Senorita Serria. I knew immediately who she was—the partner of a brief youthful love affair in Shanghai. We quickly concealed mutual looks of recognition, being now on opposite sides,

but I felt a return of ardor which I imagined I saw in her eyes also.

Then as now, we had been on opposite sides, sharing the moon on China's yellow rivers with considerable pleasure, both knowing the other's business and sympathies. Although this would appear fantastic, the ethics of a professional spy allow it. I knew that she would not betray me now, and as De Gata I spent a most enjoyable evening. Arrangements were made for the three of us to meet the following night.

This fateful second meeting brought me a mission which was not at all to my liking; I was to go over to the Loyalist lines and take up certain duties against them. This frustrated my secret plans, and while eating dinner I entertained notions of capturing the pilot in mid-air and forcing him to help me with my plans. Major Siguena excused himself, went to his room, and to my dismay, returned carrying a flying coat and a parachute. He said that a plane was already waiting at the airfield and that I could put on the coat and parachute while on the way to the field. Hoping for some means of escape, I gladly accepted Senorita Serria's offer to take me to the field in her car.

Alone with her in the car, I was not surprised to discover a return of those pleasant emotions which had made us so happy on that past occasion. Being more mature, however, we were not able to cope with them as flippantly as then. She told me that we must come together again. Operating on that basis, she had already double-crossed the Rebels and had to make her escape before her deception was noticed. She asked for my flying-togs, saying that she would make the flight back to the Loyalist lines, leaving me free to complete my assignment. Later, we could join each other in safety to resume at our leisure those sentimental pleasures of love which are the most delightful. Upon arriving at the airport, she raced from the car to the waiting plane, and I dimly saw her waving to me as the plane took off.

With this car and my credentials, escape with Doctor Alcalé would be relatively simple, but before I reached the doctor's hiding place I had an urge to rifle the "Senorita's" apartments to discover if there was anything there which would be of aid to the Loyalists. But after I broke in I could find nothing of possible value except a letter, as yet unopened, lying near the door. This I stuffed into my pocket, hastened to the car, and thence to the hiding place.

The return trip with the doctor was uneventful, for we could go to the Ebro River by car. Here was hidden a boat—on the other side, our own lines where we would have no trouble establishing our identity.

Late that night I sat down to read the letter which I had taken from "Senorita's" room. It was nothing but a note which the major had sent to Serria as soon as we had left his house. This paragraph is from the letter:

"Do not worry about our friend of these evenings. He is not De Gata; he is an imposter, a spy; the fingerprints on the cocktail glass prove it. Fortunately I have arranged to dispose of him with little trouble. By the time you read this he will be dead. The parachute will never open. Siguena."

El Suerte only sometimes smiles—and then only crookedly.



You're so pessimistic, Joe.



**T**HE GREEK ship *Nea Hellas* pulled up her gangplank, her engines throbbing in anticipation of their nine day task of driving the vessel to Lisbon. No cheering crowds on the dark Hoboken dock, for the few people aboard had grim purposes in embarking for belliscose Europe. As the ship slipped into the darkness of the Hudson, a blond, curly-headed René Lambert stood waving farewell to us and to Lehigh.

When Greece refused the Italian ultimatum the *Nea Hellas* was less than a day out of Lisbon. Fortunately, she managed to slip by enemy planes and dock safely. A letter from René, however, tells us that the *Nea Hellas* was overtaken by an armed English boat. Every person on board was searched by a "very young but determined Englishman". René was happily convinced that England is still "mistress of the seas".

Many people at Lehigh still remember René as the ever-jovial "Frenchman," who went around for six weeks last spring with his arm in a cast and his hand pointing skywards. His work as president of our Cosmopolitan club helped carry it through its early stages. Around Fritz laboratory René will always be remembered for his mad effort to finish his civil engineering thesis, after receiving an unexpected telegram calling him home. Those who habitate Joe's have surely seen him, and who could ever forget the way he used to lead "Allouette" at the 'Chor?

René was born in Paris, but spent a good part of his life in Switzerland, and is a Swiss citizen. He graduated from Ecole d'Ingenieurs de Lausanne, and came to Lehigh to work on his masters' with a Godshall fellowship. René's pen not only produced bridges comparable to an architects, but also caricatures.

One of René's most striking stories is of his school days in Genoa, at the time the Fascists were first gaining their hold on Italy.

Genoa is an old city filled with tradition and filth—probably one of the dirtiest cities in the world because of an exceedingly limited sewage system. (René can convince you that Bethlehem is a nice clean place.) Many of the most exclusive stores are on streets so narrow that you can

## Cosmopolites

The story of three members of the Cosmopolitan Club

**Tom Robertson '42**

▪ Article ▪

walk down the middle of the street with arms outstretched and touch the fronts of the buildings on both sides.

A large percentage of the Genoese were opposed to the Fascists. They loved their comic opera King Vittorio Emmanuel III, even if he always appeared in a top hat in a vain attempt to make his five feet in height look a little less ridiculous alongside of his wife's five feet ten.

Public demonstrations and street riots were a common sight before the big election. A leader of the party opposing the Fascists lived a few doors away from where René was staying. This unfortunate individual was beaten up, driven from the city, and had his house burned. Finally the newspapers succeeded in putting enough pressure on the government to secure a closed ballot. The closed ballot demonstrated how the people "chose" Mussolini.

Soldiers stood at the doors of the voting places and, as the people came to the polls, they were asked how they were going to vote. If they were voting "yes" for the new regime, they received a yellow envelope in which to place their ballot; if they wished to vote "no" they were handed a red envelope. Those who voted the wrong way lost their jobs, or were forced to leave the city, or worse.

The day of Mussolini's first visit to Genoa after the "election", René and a schoolmate were downtown. They were wandering around the streets enjoying their holiday—naturally, on that momentous day, the schools were closed—when suddenly the city filled up with soldiers. People were herded to the sides, and two columns of soldiers lined the streets. One column faced the street and the

page 23, please



ELBOW BENDER



JOHNSTON OF FRITZ LAB



VAGABOND  
René Lambert



# Limbo Morning

Steve Weinrib '41

**Y**OU GUYS are crazy," I shouted at them.

"Who are you trying to kid," they said. "We know you did it. This time we caught you, and you're not going to lie out of it."

The whole thing was fantastic; things like this just don't happen. Twenty minutes ago I was working quietly in my studio. All of a sudden four men came bursting into the room, and accused me of stealing their sacred milk from their doorstep. They grabbed hold of me, and bound my arms and legs, tying me to the bed.

"I'll pay for it," I pleaded with them. "I'll do anything, only untie

me. It's annoying not being able to move."

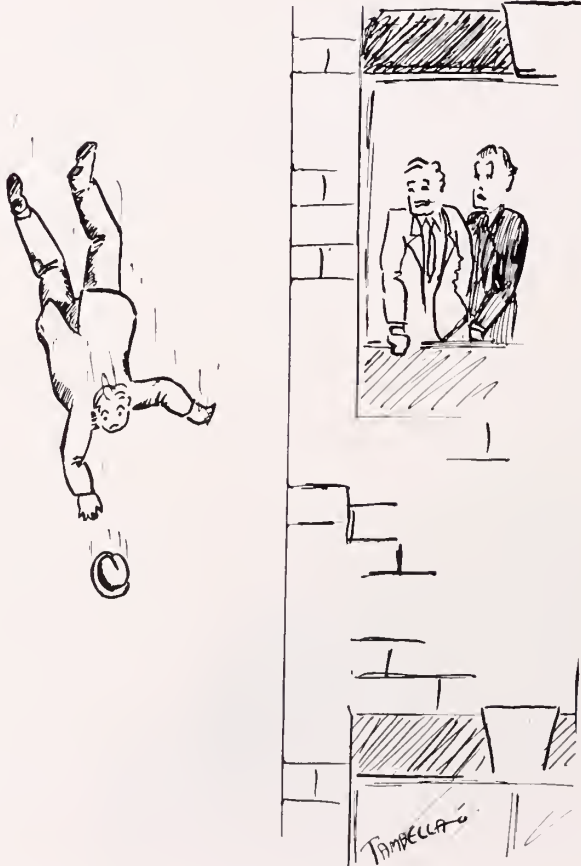
They paid no attention to me. They were sitting on the floor, their feet crossed, cutting cards.

"Listen, you madmen," I yelled, "I don't understand the whole gag, but I'm going to get damn sore if you don't untie me and get the hell out of here."

One of them stood up, came over to the bed, and shoved a card under my nose. "Do you see this ace of hearts?" he hissed, putting his face right up next to mine. "It means that I'm the lucky guy. Now you are going to see what we do to people that violate the great laws." He let out a maniacal laugh, and slapped me across the face.

Just then I saw an asp wriggling slowly across the floor. Please God, I prayed, make these men die the Cleopatra death. Apparently God was busy. The snake kept on going and disappeared into the closet.

The one that was standing next to the bed stuck the blade of his knife right next to my throat.



He always leaves the office that way—  
Elevators make him dizzy.

"How does it feel, Willy?" he spat. "You have a very bad speech defect," I told him. "You ought to have it corrected because it sounds very crude."

I guess he couldn't stand constructive criticism because he hit me across the face again with the back of his hand.

"I'm not going to use this on you," he said as he put his knife away, "it's against the rules."

The others were still on the floor. They started swaying back and forth, chanting over and over again, "Repent to the almighty spirit, you infidel, for your day of judgment has arrived."

The standing one turned around and said to the others, "Get up, you fools, you will catch a cold."

They stopped chanting and looked up at him, and then looked at each other. They pulled out their knives and jumped up.

"You can't call us fools," they shouted. "We won't stand for it."

"Yeah, well, what are you going to do about it?" the one yelled back.

They kept shouting back and forth at each other, in utter disregard of me. This kept up for a while, until they realized that none of them would get satisfaction from the other. Falling on their knees, they started to pray. I couldn't understand the gibberish, because it was not of this world. All of a sudden, the instigator clutched his heart, gave a weird cry, and fell over dead.

The others cried with joy, and kept on praying, apparently thanking their great laws for dealing with the situation. They got up from the floor, and started kissing each other, completely ignoring me and the corpse that lay at their feet. In the midst of the celebration, as if lightening had struck, they suddenly stopped still, their hands hung loosely by their sides, the color ran from their faces. They slowly started to putrefy before my eyes.

I breathed a gasp of relief, for I had been saved. The devotees were dead, while I, the infidel, was still alive.

A shrill laugh pierced the silence, and out from space I heard a voice say, "Not for long, Willy, not for long."

**A**FTER failing to accomplish anything unusual or outstanding in his 1939 Christmas shopping, R. O. Quadowitz, Arts '44R decided to make this year's purchases considerably more fascinating. The irrepressible, indispensable, and unavoidable sophomore donned his winter paraphernalia and slushed merrily downtown early in December. This time, he was determined to do the speediest and cleverest shopping Bethlehem had ever seen.

Feeling the holiday spirit surge around him, R. O. began by tossing his collection of slugs at a dozen assorted guttersnipes tripping New Street pedestrians. The first object of his quest was a present for Papa Quadowitz; and he decided with due alacrity on an attractive busby. For Mama Q. he chose a pogo stick; and for his favorite relative, jovial Uncle Edith, he selected a boomerang.

With the vari-colored bundles tucked under his arm, he dashed through the mob. The most difficult problem was yet to be solved.

"What shall I get for Glamora Van Pott?" he cried suddenly at a passing fire plug. No answer to the question came from the heartless Third Street

throngs. He was about to sink to the pavement in utter dejection when inspiration struck him.

Rubbing his injured ear ruefully, he bounded into the Five and Ten to hunt for the redheaded salesgirl he always flirted with. After being mauled for a time by a gay group of kiddies who mistook him for Santa Claus, our hero spied the wench in the rear of the store.

"Yoo hoo!" he called, "Lizajane!"

"Why hullo, Rothchild," smiled the red head, shoving aside her customer, "What do you hear from O'Higgins?"

R. O. turned on his oomph like a faucet. "I'm in a desperate spot, and you alone can help me," he whispered tensely. "I need a Christmas present for a girl."

Lizajane recoiled, "I should help you with another girl?"

Not to be thwarted, Quadowitz ploughed through a tangle of doddering old ladies at the notions counter and emerged with a green feather, some string, and a chunk of red lace. From the kitchen counter he took some cheese cloth, a sponge, and a polka dot towel; and from the electrical counter, a jumble of wires and bulbs. Then he went to work clipping and pasting.

## Quadowitz Goes Shopping

With deft motions of his scissors and brush, he fashioned a shapeless creation vaguely akin to a rainbow. Lizajane poked his elbow, "What is it?"

"This," Rothchild said with a beam of benevolence, "is a hat." He thrust it onto her head, and pulled a switch. Lizajane was enveloped in an aurora of light as the hat flashed menacingly, "No Fourth Term." R. O. removed the headgear from the astonished salesgirl, tossed her a fivespot, and waved cheerfully out the door. With a wave of goodbye, he dropped shyly through a manhole. The Quadowitz shopping, 1940, was complete.

Birth—A Freshman thinks it up and laughs aloud, waking up two fraternity men in the back row.

Age 5 Minutes—Freshman tells it to a Senior, who answers, "It's funny, but I heard it before."

Age 1 Day—Senior turns it in to college magazine as his own.

Age 2 Days—Editor thinks it's terrible.

Age 10 Days—Editor has to fill magazine, so joke is printed.

Age 1 Month—Thirteen college comics reprint it.

Age 3 Years—Seventy-six radio comedians discover it simultaneously, tell it accompanied by howls of mirth from the boys in the orchestra. (\$5 a howl.)

Age 10 Years—Professors start telling it in class.

—Exchange



But, your Honor, nothing is good nor bad, but thinking makes it so.

# The Football Question

## C. Arthur Stearns '43

Former high school star

Wants a new  
coaching system

**L**EHIGH has a good team. At least the players as individuals aren't as bad as the record of the team indicates. Compare our players with those of the other eastern schools. Hauserman is as good a line man as any in the east. Deehan is as good a defensive back as I have ever seen. Smoke is an excellent ball carrier. We have several good punters. We have our share of "All State", "All City", etc. players. Potentially we have as much fight and spirit as any team. There isn't a team anywhere that ever fought harder than we fought against Muhlenberg. We have the material for a good team.

*Lehigh needs a new system because the one we have now is not suitable for a small school with limited reserve strength. We need more coaching of the fundamentals.* I quote from an article in the *New York Times* of November 19: "Superb blocking has been a prime factor in Lafayette's success this Fall. The Leopards have managed to score early in most of their games, and, as a result, they have used a passing attack sparingly". Every good coach

knows that down-field blocking is the most important part of offensive football. The *New York Times Magazine* of Sunday, November 17 says: "The second *essential* is complete mastery of football fundamentals, among them blocking an opponent, charging through the line and tackling . . . The man who neglects any of his chores is bound, in a crisis, to let down his team." *The coach who doesn't teach these essentials is letting his team down.* Our line frequently opens up good holes, but both the backers-up and secondary of the opposition always stop the runner. Why can't we be taught down-field blocking? Our tackling should also be improved, and it can only be improved by instruction.

*We can do one of two things: change the system of coaching, or subsidize.*

I don't think subsidization is the proper course. Many schools have subsidized and get nothing for their pains

page 24, please

## Tony Carcione '41

Brown and White sports writer

Backs the Alumni  
Grant Plan

**W**HAT is the solution to the Lehigh football problem? That is the question on the minds of all athletically-minded students and alumni today. Many express sincere opinions which do not hit the root of the situation at all because they really do not know what is behind the whole complicated affair. No one has attempted to tell them, and they have not tried too hard to find out; they would rather rave on blindly getting nowhere fast.

In regard to the whole set up we have three schools of thought prevalent on the campus: (1) *Those who say throw out the coach*; (2) *Those who advocate adherence to the Alumni Grants Plan, or favor outright athletic scholarships*; (3) *Those who clamor for a weaker schedule, or even go as far as coming out against football.*

Back in 1910 Lehigh faced a situation paralleling that which exists today, and direct action was taken by Mr. Eugene G. Grace, Mr. Charles Taylor, and President Drinker, then head of Lehigh University. They engaged

the services of Dr. Savage, physical director of the Carnegie Institute, to diagnose the whole set-up. *His report stated in part that he saw no reason why Lehigh should not have a representative football squad in accordance with the size of the institution at the time.*

After some dickerings around with committees, it was decided to come right out with scholarships for "*worthy boys who enter Lehigh and maintain the grade and who possessed athletic ability, not only in football but other sports as well.*" The number was ten the first year and ten each succeeding year after that. Each recipient of a loan was asked to sign a pledge stating he would pay the money back if and when he was able. The system remained in effect through 1920 with considerable success.

It also had a noticeable effect on the football team, which administered to Lafayette a 78-0 drubbing in one of the games. The student body numbered less than 1000 and the athletic fee was only \$5.00 a year. *Some of the Lehigh-Laf-*

page 24, please



## Chuck Balough '42

Brown and White sports writer

Blames the system  
not the coach

**T**HE trouble with Lehigh football lies in a faulty system rather than in faulty coaching. A primary factor of any football season is the schedule which the team plays. *Any team can look good if it schedules only teams of considerably less strength than itself.* Lehigh looked good in 1936 because they beat Lafayette who won only one game that year, and they beat Penn State who had their worst season since Bob Higgins took over at the state school.

But in the past few years the Brown and White have been playing such teams as Penn State, Rutgers, rejuvenated and revitalized Lafayette, Virginia, (who is definitely on the upgrade as a football power) and have even scheduled Yale for a game in 1943. Even our traditional rival from Allentown, Muhlenberg, has grown in power far beyond our class. *These teams are on our schedule not because Harmie wants them, but because in some cases they are traditional rivals, and in other instances because the alumni demands that schools with a great amount of fame and prestige be included on our schedule.*

It has been suggested before that we try to maintain a head-above-water position in a conference of teams in our own class. Many New England colleges such as Williams,

Amherst, Wesleyan, and Trinity would make our schedule attractive and would put us in a class where we might reasonably expect our share of victories without going whole hog for high-powered football.

Harmie has tried to contract for games with these schools, besides trying to renew relations with Union, and continue our relations with Haverford, but no one will talk business.

Another important factor which helps make a good football team is good material: boys who are physically adapted to the game of football, and who have the proper mental attitude. *More than one college football coach has been crucified because of lack of material.*

Clark Shaughnessy never had a poorer than .500 season before he became coach at the University of Chicago. While at Tulane from 1915 to 1920 he won 29, lost 12, and tied 4. His team won 45 games, lost 6, and tied 5 while he was at Loyola University at New Orleans between 1927 and 1932. And yet in 1933 his Chicago team won only three games while losing three and tying two. Finally, in 1939, after a disastrous season, his school dropped inter-collegiate football. Shaughnessy went out to Stanford, and

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## Bill Danshaw '41

Former varsity end '38-'39

Defends Harmie  
and wants subsidization

**L**EHIGH'S football troubles do not lie in the coaching staff. *Contrary to the general consensus of opinion on the campus, Harmie and his aides do teach a good system of football. They do teach the fundamentals of football. They do work with the express desire and purpose of producing a winning team, for that is their job.*

But Harmie lacks the advantage of strict control over his athletes—the advantages that other coaches have when it is possible for them to live with their players. When it is possible for them to eat, sleep, and talk football with one another throughout the entire season. Such a situation enables the coach to keep a careful check over the health and habits of his team and results in having these boys in the prime of condition when they take the field every Saturday. As a rule such conditions are possible only in those schools where some sort of subsidization is accepted as a general practice.

Subsidization removes some of the independence of the football player. If he is to continue receiving his financial assistance, he must do what the coach tells him to do, when, and how he is told to do it. Thus, every man and every play is functioning smoothly and systematically. No

one is in the "doghouse" and is forced to warm the bench during a crucial game, for that, a subsidized player cannot afford. The independence of the athletes in a non-subsidizing school is such as to disrupt the harmony of a well-coached team.

Lehigh's football record for the past few years has been poor. This fact is lamented by the students, alumni, and faculty alike. Most everyone agrees that some steps should be taken to secure a winning team for Lehigh. *Two solutions have been suggested: (1) Subsidization of a limited type, (2) Scheduling of teams of equal football strength.*

Let us consider the latter point first. It is a well-known fact that victory over small schools does not impress either the alumni or the student body. Last year when it was announced that Lowell Textile and Hampton-Sydney had been scheduled for the 1940 season the students expressed their opinions with many groans and grumbings to the effect that it was a sorry state of affairs when we have to schedule "pushovers" to make sure of winning a few games. Yet, these two schools and Haverford were the only teams Lehigh met this year that were equal in manpower to our squad. Therefore it must be the desire of all

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# Shopping In Bethlehem

▪ Article ▪

## • For a Motorist

The automobile industry's latest contributions to all types of motorists have simplified Christmas shopping for many. It is a certainty that the younger generation of "gasoline—cowboys" would appreciate being the recipients of a set of key-board finger-tip operated musical horns playing a portion of their favorite ditty.

In the event that your fortunate gift-receiver leans toward the conservative side, let us suggest giving him, or her the new motorist's utility kit. This handy accessory may be conveniently clamped on the sun visor and contains a mirror, comb, nail file, and may be used for carrying cigarettes, license certificates, maps, cleansing tissues, glasses, gloves, etc. The leather case may be obtained in numerous colors.

Should your friend be air-minded or scientifically inclined he would surely derive great enjoyment and satisfaction from the new auto altimeter. The altimeter is easily installed and will afford the motorist much new driving pleasure. If any of these suggestions strike your fancy we suggest that you see Billie-Mae, Sears Roebuck and Co., Bethlehem Auto Accessories, Hess Auto Supply.

## • For An Athletic Father

Theoretically, Dad buys his own Christmas gift, but nevertheless your thoughtfulness obliterates his ever thinking of the money end of it. Although it may be the downfall of his mid-winter golf stories, still an indoor golf hole will prove to be a putting aid to his approaching summer golf. The portable golf hole serves as a cup right in the living room, with the Persian rug as the green.

For more rugged athletic papas, let us suggest anyone of the personally tailored bowling accessories. Why not give him a bowling ball made to his favorite grip and weight? If, however, he feels that the failure of his hook is not the fault of the ball, perhaps he would be grateful for a pair of bowling shoes made to assure him of the footwork of experts.

Some men find that their free time after hunting season is more-or-less wasted. For these restless fathers let us suggest that you present him with a hand operated skeet trap. These latest hand traps are easily operated and take up no more room than an ordinary shotgun. You and Dad will have lots of fun shooting clay-birds this winter! In case you think Dad would appreciate one of these gifts shop at R. & S. Sporting Goods, F. E. Weinland, Bethlehem Sporting Goods, or Marcus Sporting Goods.

## • Man's Best Gift To Man's Best Girl

What girl doesn't like to make a good impression on her favorite beau by keeping a sweet fragrance about her? To keep in her good graces a unique set of toilette articles would be just the thing to give to her. A compact set that contains bath salts, powders, perfumes, soaps, etc., can be obtained cheaply almost any place. Not only a set that is good while the articles last, but one that has containers which might be of use to her later on.

In order to be conventional all types of jewelry, such as bracelets, necklaces, and pins make a variety of nice gifts. If you are a fraternity man, we suggest any piece of jewelry with your fraternity seal on it, or even if you aren't a member of a fraternity, the university seal will do. Since the style for everyday bracelets is now leaning toward the charm type, she might be glad to receive one which conveys the idea of her personality, for instance if she is a skier, a bracelet made up of trinkets of ski poles and guards and crossed skis would be quite appropriate. Any number of different types can be found to fit all personalities.

In the line of leather goods, gloves and purses are always convenient. If she believes in system, nothing could be handier than a briefcase in red, blue, or black leather with rayon-lined compartments. For the outdoor-girl a pigskin belt with purse attached allows her to move about freely without worrying about carrying purse in hand. After searching around town we found that these articles may be obtained at E. H. Gier, Bush & Bull, Hess Brothers, Supply Bureau, Finklestein, Morris Jeweler, Art Gift Shop, C. J. Musselman, H. H. Greiner, and the Workshop.

## • For the Chum or Brother

Here is a trend that affords a numerous variety of gifts for all young men, whether they be an athlete or a fashion plate. For the former anything that deals with the sport that he is interested in will do. A set of assorted flies or tackle for the fisherman, ski poles or traps for the skier or even instruction books covering the different sports.

For the latter anything that will let his friends know that he is well equipped with the latest trappings will suffice. He can let his name be known to others by wearing the newest key chains with his name spelled in full along the chain. He might even go for the new cigarette-pipe lighters encased in leather which project a pencil-like flame into the bowl of his pipe. The new jiffy wallet will carry his change compactly in separate slots.

For the fellow who likes to drink his beer in style a fancy mug with nick-name and university seal engraved on it, and a pewter lid would prove to be quite a practical gift.

With chemistry providing new materials all the time, you can give translucent watch straps, suspenders or belts as a gift. These come in many different colors to match all types of clothing. We suggest that you call on Silverberg & Goldberg, Ray's, Tom Bass, Egans, The College Shoppe, Koch Brothers, Shankweiler, H. Leh & Co., Refowich's, George's Men's Shop for these.

December 2, 1940

Mr. Adolf Hitler  
No. 1 Finzeldorf Plaza  
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Dear Mr. Hitler:

We received your letter of the 25th instance in which you asked to place an order for 5,000 aircraft engines. We are able to make precisely the type motor you indicated. That is, a 1,200 horsepower in-line, liquid cooled engine suitable for installation in Messerschmidt models 109 and 110.

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December 10, 1940

Mr. Joseph Zilch, pres.  
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As to financial arrangements I will send you a draft on the Bank of England. Payment of said draft will necessarily be delayed until completion of my present enterprise.

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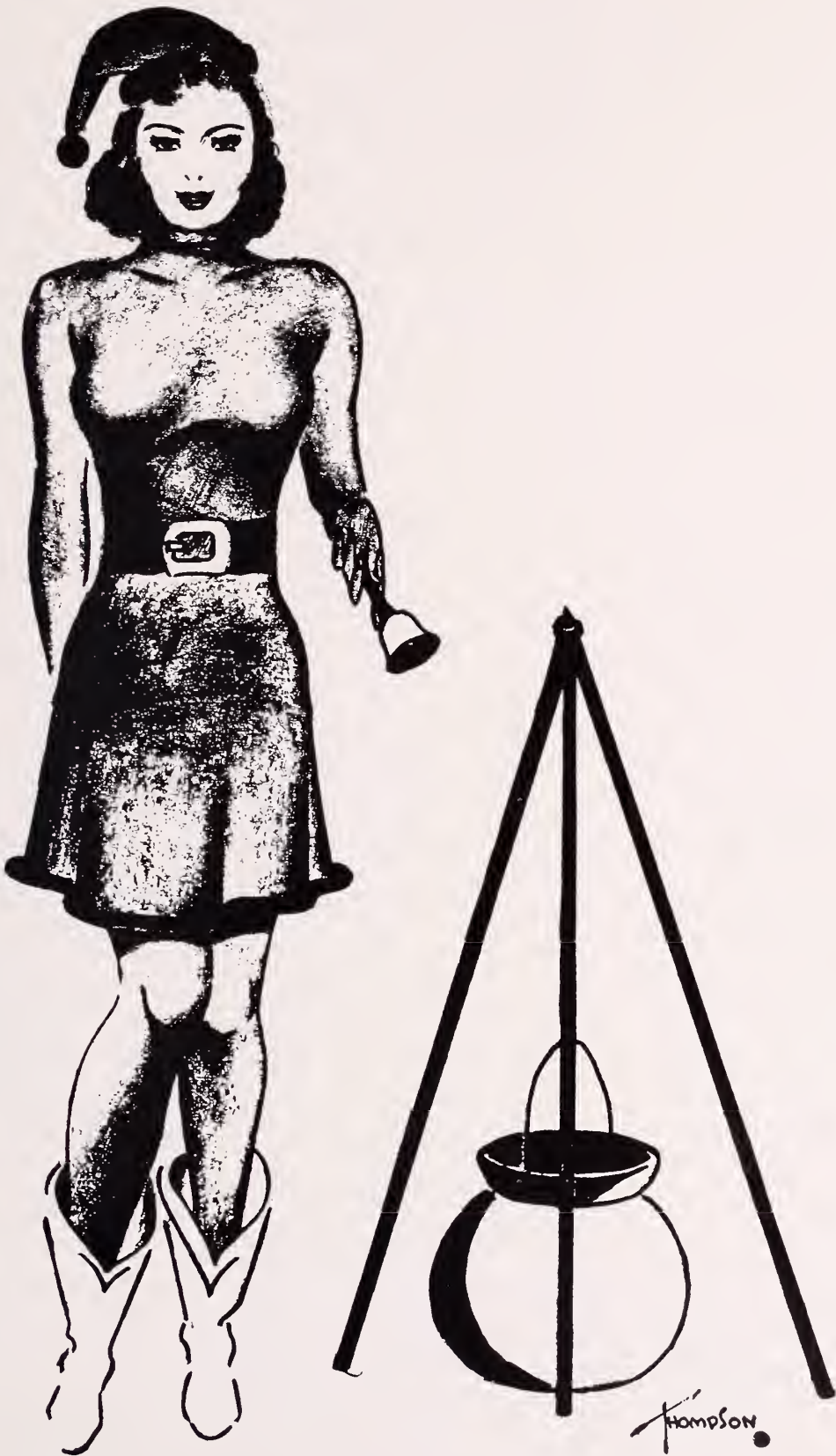
Heil Hitler,  
ADOLF.







Oh Clinton, you're so savage.



## NEW Victor Recordings

26763—Summit Ridge Drive  
Cross Your Heart  
Artie Shaw and  
His Gramercy Five

26717—I Could Make You Care  
The World Is In My Arms  
Tommy Dorsey  
and His Orchestra

27203—The Moon Fell In The River  
The Lady With Red Hair  
Hal Kemp  
and His Orchestra

26790—A Handful of Stars  
Love of My Life  
Artie Shaw  
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26764—Two Dreams Met  
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# Platter Prattle

### • Duke Ellington

**I**N *A Mellotone* and *Rumpus in Richmond* is among the last recordings to be made using Cootie Williams, the Duke's veteran trumpet ace. Williams really gives you plenty of satisfaction in *Mellotone*, an Ellington original. (Victor)

### • T. Dorsey

*You've Got Me This Way* and *I'd Know You Anywhere*. (Victor) *Way* is a honey. The Pied Pipers are again at their best, and Ziggy Elman does the arrangement no harm. *Anywhere* is a mediocre pop tune, handled by Frank Sinatra.

### • Dinah Shore

Wow!!! What a woman!! She's taken hold of a ditty entitled *Yes, My Darling Daughter*, and whipped it into a sure-fire best seller. We recommend this for your collection, no matter how your tastes run. *Down Argentine Way* makes up two sides of gorgeous vocalizing. (Bluebird) She put one out a while back singing to oldtime favorites, *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes* and *How Come You Do Me Like You Do*, that is probably the best to be had. (Bluebird)

### • Will Bradley

*Rock A Bye The Boogie* and *Scramble Two*. (Columbia) Here are two attempts by Bradley to equal his past recordings of *Beat Me* and *Scrub Me Mama*, both of which have boosted Bradley's stock tremendously. They fall short of expectations.

### • Beny Goodman

*Royal Garden Blues* and *Wholly Cats*. Followers of the King of Swing will be glad to know that he has made a recording for Columbia with a new sextet. The personnel includes Cootie Williams, former Ellington trumpet lead; Count Basie, who needs no introduction; Georgie Auld, Artie Shaw's former saxophonist who led the band just before it was junked; Harry Jaeger, the drummer who appeared with him at the Senior Ball; and of course, the two standbys, Artie Bernstein on bass and Charlie Christian with the guitar.

### • Albums

Again, we find ourselves without sufficient material to review the latest albums. However, Decca leads the way this month with two that are reasonably priced and offer much interest. First, *Boogie Woogie Music*: six recordings containing the works of Bob Crosby and the Bob Cats, Albert Ammons, "Lux" Lewis, Joe Sullivan, Cleo Brown, and Honey Hill.

*Woody Herman Album*: an album of his most famous arrangements of blues. *Blues on Parade*, *Blues Upstairs*, *Blues Downstairs*, *Peach Tree Street Blues*, and others that have made him earn the title, "The Man That Plays The Blues."

## STUDENT LUNCHES . . .

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## CHINESE EDUCATION —1940

from page 7

anese barracks.

Chang Po-ling was educated in the United States having studied at Columbia University. On his return to China he began to build Nankai—first a middle school—then a college—then a university. He lived to see it grow and become one of the finest educational institutions in China. He lived to see it, after forty years of growth, razed to the ground.

The Japanese had long waited an opportunity to vent their spleen on Nankai. They hated all institutions of higher education in China because students, and professors too, had repeatedly demonstrated against Japan and Japanese puppets in Chinese governmental circles. From 1915 when they led demonstrations against Yuan Shih-kai which diverted him from then accepting the infamous Twenty-one demands of Japan, students repeatedly barnstormed among the village folks and propagandized among industrial and city workers inveighing against Japanese imperialists and Chinese traitors who would sell out to Japan, raising popular feeling to such heights that Japanese plans for aggression were repeatedly stymied. And always Nankai students were among the most active.

Now the Japanese had their revenge. They systematically and maliciously laid low every stone of the beautiful and costly buildings. Fortunately, students and instructors were just in time to escape the raid. They saw trouble coming the night of July 29

when a detachment of the Chinese 29th Route Army crept up on the Japanese garrison, arriving within 300 yards before discovered. A sanguinary fight ensued in which the Japanese were badly worsted.

At dawn, July 30, two squadrons of angry Japanese bombers swooped low over Nankai, raking the campus back and forth with wanton fire of incendiary and heavy bombs, damaging every building on the campus. Smoke by day and smouldering fire by night marked the ruins of this seat of learning.

A military spokesman announced that the military had "not yet eradicated the last vestiges of anti-Japanism from Nankai." Later a detachment of Japanese artillery deliberately fired scores of shells into the deserted university. They used this as a practice ground, approaching it slowly, stopping to fire and reload, then going on a few hundred yards and repeating the process. Finally, the Japanese finished the demolition with land mines and gallons of kerosene which they fired to destroy the last traces of Nankai.

Unbelievable as it is, with the advanced guard of Japanese soldiers came members of the Japanese "Oriental Culture Society" and "Pan-Asiatic Cultural Society," standard-bearers of "sincere Sino-Japanese cultural co-operation." Their mission was to filch valuable books from the library, including the Nankai Institute of Economics library, the most complete in the Orient.

Despite the destruction of his life's monument, Dr. Chang Po-ling, 62 years of age, immediately rallied alumni, staff and students to rebuild "somewhere in the southwest."<sup>4</sup>

Many other colleges along the eastern seaboard suffered similarly though possibly none such vengeful and complete demolition. In Mukden Northeastern University's laboratory equipment was shamelessly looted by the Japanese and the buildings used for army barracks. Fengyung University is now taken over for a Japanese Army Aerodrome. Kirin University, where one of my former students was

<sup>4</sup> P. E. N. Club of China, *Education in China During the War*, Shanghai, 1937.

next page, please

## TRAVEL

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## CHINESE EDUCATION —1940

from preceding page

dean, has been closed for no adequate reason. Students have been driven out of the beautiful campus and buildings of Tsing Hua University built near Peiping, of Boxer Indemnity Funds returned by the U. S. A. to China, and now the facilities are used for soldiers' barracks. Peking National University, China's oldest "modern" university (1900) is now occupied by "the Japanese army whose soldiers hang their washing in the front windows of the Administration Building." Hopei Women's Normal School in Tientsin was thoroughly looted and partly burned during a vacation period.<sup>2</sup>

So the tale of ravage goes on. In addition, most of the Chinese institutions in this region that were spared found the atmosphere too stifling for their existence. There was no freedom of speech nor academic freedom, no security nor hope of being long unmolested. Voluntarily they evacuated their institutions and joined the long trek of scholars westward bound for free China.

Of the many results of this unprecedented disruption and dispersion of educational institutions, only three can be discussed here.

In the first place it has driven modern scientific education and aspects of modern culture west and southwest into the hitherto backward hinterlands of China. Cities that had known but little of western civilization are now populous centers of western learning. Many a Buddhist or Confucian temple has been converted into classrooms by these enterprising young scholars and has been rudely awakened from out its musty lethargy of centuries, by contact with modern enlightenment. Chinese, young and old, that were hitherto destined to live and die unaffected by new educational ideas or content now find the intriguing culture of the West at their very doors luring them into a new and strange world of concepts and ideas. Nothing imaginable could quite so readily have spread western education so rapidly and so extensively into these benighted regions.

Secondly, the experiences of this dispersion are giving rise to a different type of Chinese student than previously existed. Heretofore, much of the ancient classical tradition: veneration of the written word and distrust of "practical" education; worship of the literati even though often scamps and rogues; belief that a degree is always the hall-mark of respectability and the badge of ultimate achievement; the attitude that education is an end in itself rather than a means to anything other than more education—or a sinecure in government:—all these formerly dominated even the enthusiasts for the "new learning" in devious and insidious ways, often making the Chinese student of western education a queer and contradictory conglomerate. Western education seldom really "took." It was too frequently only a veneer covering old Chinese cultural mores antipodal in character. Lip service to the lessons of western science, sociology, economics and even technical education came readily and was often almost convincing. But how easily the individual who had run his educational course and won his kudos reverted quickly to type once he left the confines of the westernized school or college.

Now that these educational opportunities were threatened or taken away, the insincere educational pilgrims soon vanished and the residue of sincere seekers after knowledge and truth became a resolute band of near-martyrs, actually undergoing great privation and enduring much discomfort and suffering to reestablish their beloved institutions of learning hundreds of miles inland and in relatively strange places. Their sincerity and their enthusiasm not only commanded general respect but won many comrades and fellow-seekers for education, particularly in the new regions they had entered. All colleges reestablished are full and overflowing. College students have actually increased in number from 32,883 (1936—last normal year) to over 40,000 last year—1939. Students are intensely in earnest, alert, and as devoted to the pursuit of learning as crusaders. This new generation of students are realists and truth-seekers, independent and self-reliant, with definite goals and unswerving purposes and possessed of a practical patriotism unprecedented—a tremendously inspir-

<sup>2</sup> Freyn, *op. cit.*, pp. 20-26.



ing army of intellectuals that can scarcely fail to make a deep imprint for good on the future of China.

The third great change resulting from this dispersion is the strong swing from classicism in learning actually to strongly vocational objectives and content in education. The demand for professional and technical experts in all the fields of endeavor, necessary not only to equip the personnel for an up-to-date mechanized army, but to build up at the same time an industrial basis for the modern China that China's leaders ever keep in the forefront of their planning, presents a problem of staggering proportions for a technically backward nation also in the throes of a devastating war. Undaunted, the Government and the people face the problems with the grimness of determination.

The 10,000 doctors and 5,000 trained nurses of pre-war China were inadequate enough for peace times. With the nation at war, the inadequacy of this small band of trained medical men and women was pitifully evident. To make the situation worse, the medical centers were largely along the coast and up the Yangtze River Valley, an area completely dominated by the Japanese within a year and a half of the war's start. This meant that they, like the colleges, could no longer operate effectively.

Courageously, these medical centers picked up and moved inland. In each of three scattered cities, two or three uprooted medical schools would combine, government with missionary, foreign with Chinese, and form new and actually more adequately staffed medical centers. By pooling resources, facilities, and personnel, strong medical training units have been established and the trained graduates are increasing in numbers yearly. Hundreds of students of both sexes are receiving medical instructions in these three centers. Each graduate must take at least one year internship in an army base hospital. Slowly the immediate shortage of trained medical workers is being overcome.

In the practically railless interior of China, bus transportation is the only solution. Busses could be imported but not operators and mechanics. Two-months courses for drivers, four-months courses for training motor

mechanics and station foremen, and a two-year course in automobile engineering were the first steps towards meeting these pressing needs. Other communication workers of various kinds were given appropriate training. The first classes admitted after selective examinations totalled 700, and this rate of entrants and trainees is continuing.

Vocational schools, training classes and factory courses for apprentices were formed to train skilled workmen and mechanics. Engineering colleges transplanted to these interior provinces found their capacities crowded to the limits. Training in everything from carpentry, machine work, tool making, wireless operation, iron working, welding and accounting to electrical engineering, civil engineering, mechanical engineering, chemical engineering, architecture and commercial training has been going on at a tremendous pace. A Maritime College for steamship officers was established with departments of shipping industry, marine engineering and navigation. Two years in the college and two years' training on board ship are required before a diploma can be won. Colleges are established for teaching agriculture, animal husbandry, forestry, horticulture and sericulture.

These types of vocational training are not only on the college level. Lower levels of training appropriate to lower levels of skills are found in institutions of "junior college" grade, in the "middle schools" (junior-senior high schools) and even some elementary training in grade schools. Youth Labor Service Camps, comparable to our C. C. C. camps, train in accounting, truck-driving, printing, management of cooperatives, road building, and the like.

Nothing seems to have been overlooked in this transmigrated cultural center emanating south and southeast from Chungking at the head of the Yangtze River. Even a modern Central Police Officers' Training College—China's "Scotland Yard"—was moved 1200 miles upriver from Nanking to Chungking. Chinese who have received expert training in many countries are administering and teaching here. Col. Tai at the head of the Disciplinary Department was trained in Austria;

next page, please

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## CHINESE EDUCATION —1940

from preceding page

Col. Peng heading the fingerprinting work was trained in Washington, D. C. from where he took back 30,000 American fingerprints to start his work; Lieut.-Col. Mao who heads the scientific bureau spent five years in Belgium studying chemistry and physics as used in police laboratories; Maj. Tung got his training for training German police dogs from the Germans themselves; and General Li, dean of the college, studied police systems and methods in Japan and has inspected police work in all important western countries.

To those of us brought up in the western tradition, none of this array of educational programs seems so unusual. But when you realize the remarkably short time that has elapsed since any widespread program of western education was even attempted in China and realize too how diametrically opposed to vocational education was the old tradition of Chinese classicism that held Chinese education in its vise-like grip for more than one millenium, then you must see how catastrophic has been this revolutionary swing towards vocational education.

The indomitable spirit of the Chinese leaders and people exemplified in their military stand against many odds is also reflected in this unparalleled dispersion and reestablishment of their institutions of higher education. Respect for these courageous students and their professors is exceeded only by our faith that such wise preservation of educational ideals even in the midst of war and their determination to carry on must ultimately win for them freedom and progress.

With a puzzled look on his chubby face, the small boy sought his mother.

"I wish daddy wasn't a professor," he said. "It makes him so absent-minded."

"Why, what's he done now?" asked mother.

"Well, I met him in the street just now and he said: 'Hello, my boy. I seem to know your face. How's your father?'"

## ... SO I TRY SPORTS

Binder comes in and says  
write something  
about college life and  
girls  
and make it interesting  
but keep it clean

So I sit down and rack  
my brain  
for something which  
will please  
and tease  
in other words:  
appease  
the college man

First I try  
beer  
but that's  
too flat  
so I try  
girls  
... you know, the lovely, cool  
type  
lots of fun

good dressers  
affectionate  
ready  
willing  
able  
but  
it can't happen  
here  
so I try  
beer and girls  
the other kind  
lots of fun  
dressed  
very affectionate  
ready  
willing  
abler  
but  
Binder says  
no  
Binder says  
remember the review

So I try  
sports.

T. C. Gams



## COSMOPOLITES

from page 9

other kept the bewildered crowds in check. René and his friend were completely boxed in. For five long, foot-sore hours they stood waiting in the highly seasoned stench of the crowd. When Il Duce finally made his appearance the streets rang with as wild a novation as any hero had ever received—for now the exhausted mob could go home.

Since René lived in the chaos of a totalitarian state, and sees his country imminently threatened by another, people at Lehigh wonder why he returned to Switzerland and the army. It is true that he had planned to stay here at least another year. Everyone that knew him realized that he had come to love Lehigh and its way of life. But he returned to his homeland for the best reasons that any man can have—his country, family, and friends are expecting trouble. Switzerland is going to make a stand as the last democracy in Europe, and René wants to be there to help ward off impending Blitzkriegs and Concentration Camps.

Another less fortunate member of the Cosmopolitan Club, Bill Brodnitz, from the once free city of Danzig, has no reason to return to his former democratic—now Nazified—home. Bill was born and raised in Danzig; studied chemistry there. Last Founders' day he received his Master's degree in Chemistry.

Bill remembers Danzig as a famous old Hansa town founded in the 13th century by the Teutonic knights. A good port, it is on the Vistula River, which crosses Poland south to north, 10 miles from the Gulf of Danzig. The Treaty of Versailles made Danzig a free city, and Bill can remember the German troops marching out as he stood on the balcony of his home.

After the war Danzig had German currency and consequent German inflation. Says Bill:

"Money was spent as soon as it was received, because it lost value from day to day. Whenever my father, a lawyer, received his fees, he telephoned my mother to come over, get the money and buy some foodstuffs that very day. Prices were sky high and everybody was a millionaire, only he could not get much for his money. A loaf of

bread cost several million marks and generally when our servant girl came home from the daily shopping—which by the way took a good bit of time because you had to stand in line in front of the food stores—she would report: 'Madame, the bread price is another million more today.' Because of the rapid change in value our school fees were not fixed. The educators were wise enough to change to the commodity exchange standard, and the fees were judged by their worth in loaves of white bread. Another unfortunate thing was that the salaries, fees, etc., did not rise in proportion to the inflation. Once my father had an American client. It was rather a large transaction and the consultation lasted for the best part of a day. My father made out the bill for the consultation in accordance with the fees prescribed for such a transaction and sent it over to the client's hotel. A short while later the telephone in my father's office rang and the American client congratulated my father on his sense of humor in asking a fee equivalent to two cents in American money for a consultation that lasted practically the whole day. He could not believe that this bill had been sent in earnest."

In 1933 Bill witnessed the march of the Germans back into Danzig. Their Constitution had been protected by the League of Nations until 1936, when the storm troopers appeared. They could be seen everywhere marching through the streets singing martial songs. All parties other than the Nazi were abolished and the press was permanently suspended. The Poles in the city were openly antagonized, religious freedom was abolished, and of course the Jews suffered the most of all. They were forced to leave the city, leaving most of their goods behind. With them went Bill.

The most cosmopolite of the Cosmopolitans is freshman Joe Ristorielli, from Venezuela. His father is French, his mother is Venezuelan, "Joe" is American, and "Ristorielli" is Italian.

Joe's favorite story is a description of a battle he witnessed between a lion and a bull. It seems that the people in Maracaibo, where Joe lives in Venezuela, were not supporting the circus. In desperation the circus company conceived this scheme to make money. With great publicity and fanfare they

starved a lion, and allowed the public to watch him grow more ferocious by the day. At the end of a week, a bull was put into the cage. His horns were none too pointed, but this would have made no difference, for the bull never had a chance. Blood flowed and the Latins cheered. Joe never wants to see an encore of this battle and claims he now likes his hamburgers well done.

●

Philadelphia Judge—Have you ever earned a dollar in your life?

Prisoner—Yes, Your Honor. I voted for you in the last election.

—*Punch Bowl*

●

Pledge (at dinner table)—Must I eat this egg?

Brother—Yer damnright!

Silence . . .

Pledge—The beak, too?

—*Exchange*

●

Boy: "Hello."

Girl:

Boy: "Oh, well."

●

Soph—Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up; I'll get you a date.

Frosh (cautiously)—Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me the date?

—*Gargoyle*

●

"What would you call a man who has been lucky in love?"

"A bachelor!"

## STEARNS

from page 12

but disappointment. North Carolina with complete subsidization has been consistently losing games to unsubsidized teams. The chief argument for subsidization is that it gets a good football team which in turn promotes better student spirit, a more active alumni, increased endowments, and a better athletic reputation. If this can be accomplished without subsidization, and it often is, the benefits become more beneficial, and there is no blight on the school's honesty or scholastic record. *College football, after all, is for college men and not for professionals.*

We are now left with one way out. *Change the coaching system. Change to a more open system.* Stress deception on the offensive. Teach the fundamentals of blocking and tackling. Teach a more effective pass defense. *Change the attitude of the players toward their coach and football.* Change the schedule to include unsubsidized teams, and let the players play for fun and not for a coach or a check.

A more open system would, by stressing deception, make the blocking assignments easier. It would enable some of the light, fast men out for the squad to play a little. It would make the games more enjoyable to watch. There is little to be said for the team that keeps plunging over the guards and tackles. There is a lot to be said for the team that combines a smart ground game with a flashy passing attack. There is no deception at Lehigh. I have yet to see a ball carrier dip on an end run, or an end fake the halfback while going down the field under a punt. If Harmie cannot teach a good pass defense, he should hire someone who can. Harmie can teach blocking and tackling if he wants to try. He can teach an open system if he tries. *I am confident that he will not change Lehigh football, so I say we must change Harmie.*

## CARCIONE

from page 12

*ayette gates took in as high as \$50,000 and the budget never came out in the "red".* Tom Keady, a very able coach, was then in charge of the squad at a salary of \$5,000 per year for his services. There were 150 men who received these loans and about 40% of them graduated, which was the normal rate for the entire student body at that time. Many of these scholarship men hold key positions in industry today and are more active in alumni circles than the average graduate. Some of their names appear before us frequently, only they can't be mentioned here for obvious reasons.

The one fact that Lehigh can always point to with pride is that the scholastic standard was never lowered once as an exception to an athlete.

After 1920 the system began to crumble at the hands of the faculty, and when Dr. Richards became president, it was abolished. Then came a series of coach-crucifixions unparalleled in our history, which continues to the present day giving Lehigh the title of "coaches' graveyard", so labeled by sportswriters and football mentors in this section.

The first victim was Frank Glick who also received \$5,000 a year during his hapless stay. Lafayette and Muhlenberg both defeated Lehigh that year and the University dispensed with his services at the end of the season. Next in line came James Baldwin, who came here with successful coaching careers at Duke and the University of Maine. Friction with the faculty and only fair teams caused his dismissal in 1924. Mr. Petriken, a graduate manager, took over the reins with the same salary. He lasted one year.

*Many of the students and alumni then thought, as they do today, that poor coaching was behind Lehigh's gridiron failure, so they selected a big time coach with a tremendous reputation to come here and solve the puzzle with his magic wand.* He was to receive \$10,000 a year (twice the salary any coach has ever received here) plus \$6,000 for assistants. Mr.

Percy Wendell was selected because of his great success at Williams and his playing reputation as an All-American at Harvard. However his success here was nil and he won only four games in three years.

In 1924 there was still approximately \$30,000 in the athletic treasury but this soon became exhausted and the athletic fee was increased \$5.00. Since then, football has never been a paying proposition, getting noticeably worse as time elapses.

From 1924 to 1928 Petriken came back in the picture and he continued until Austie Tate, an outstanding guard and tackle on the 1917 team, attached himself to the very gloomy problem. Tate lasted until 1933, with his stay here being a replica of his predecessors with the loss column a little heavier than before. The only reason he was kept so long were two victories over a very weak Princeton team in 1930 and 1931. Nevertheless a 54-12 defeat at the hands of Lafayette caused the curtain to fall on another dismal career.

It was then that a large portion of alumni in key positions realized that the coaches were merely made the goats to camouflage the whole rotten and disgusting set-up. They wisely decided to give the next selection a fair chance to prove his ability, and to alter the situation if possible. Glen Harmeson, backfield coach of a Purdue team which had a string of twenty straight victories (including two ties) and two All-Americans in its personnel, was finally selected. During the first few years here he was able to produce fair teams which were able to defeat Lafayette and Muhlenberg three years in a row, winning the support of the alumni. However, since 1937, Lehigh's traditional rivals have all gone in for heavy subsidization, and *we have been left all alone holding the unwanted purist bag.*

The Alumni Grants Plan is a sincere, honest, and honorable program to put men of diversified ability through Lehigh for four years, even though they may fail to make the team. The plan is directed in the interest of the students and school and "tramp athletes" will not be considered. Those that believe that this is what the program will ultimately lead to have no faith in Lehigh or the alumni; for



with the high standards maintained at the University today, how could any such person remain in school.

Certain trustees have come out whole-heartedly in favor of the plan, because they believe it will better Lehigh and not make it a haven for scholarship and salary-seeking athletes. The questionnaires for applicants of these grants are even more extensive and elaborate than those for scholastic scholarships, proving their interest in the boy as a whole and not only as an athlete.

Today there are still a few men on the squad receiving individual alumni aid. Such has been the case for a long time. But as has been proved, this is not enough to keep up with our opponents. The only sensible alternative left is a responsive support of an honest plan shaped by the alumni.

Those who cry for a de-emphasized schedule are not hitting at the root of the problem. A few weeks ago Lehigh played two teams supposedly in her class. The aggregate total in at-

tendance for the games was approximately 2200 spectators, which included a large number of town children allowed in free of charge. If such a thing were to continue, the spirit on the campus would stoop to even lower levels than it is now, which is possible though unbelievable. Another alternative would be to drop football altogether. I, for one, would be in favor of such a solution rather than let things continue in the present state of affairs.

However, in spite of a grimly painted picture, one spark of illumination still lingers in the grants policy, providing that it receives better cooperation in the future than last year, as the per capita offering of each living alumnus was about \$0.50. We do not want to send a team to any of the New Year bowl hoaxes. *What we want and what the alumni plan offers is a team that will beat Mublenberg, Rutgers, and most important of all—Lafayette.*

One lovely autumn afternoon a tramp was pursuing his idle way along the highway. He was at peace with the world. Everything was so gay and alive. Particularly alive were those verminous little bodies lurking beneath his clothing. But being a tolerant soul he didn't mind the little creatures until a bee landed on an exposed portion of his midriff and stung him. The tramp danced around wildly brushing little things off his person.

"All right," he snarled. "You'll all have to get off now. There is a rowdy in the crowd."

Professor: "I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from the rear: "Go home and sleep it off, old man."

—Black and Blue Jay

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War does not decide who is right,  
but who is left.

—Purple Parrot

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**BALOUGH**

from page 13

from all indications his first Indian team will defend the West's title in the Rose Bowl next New Year's Day.

In 1935 Eddie Anderson coached an undefeated eleven at Holy Cross. In 1937 his team won eight games and played scoreless ties with Carnegie Tech and Temple. In 1938 he lost but one game. Carnegie Tech conquered Holy Cross this year, 7-6. And then Anderson went to Iowa. Last year his miracle team won six games, lost one, and tied one. This year that same team with the exception of Nile Kinnick, has won only two games, against South Dakota and Notre Dame. You can say that Kinnick made a great difference, but the fact remains that eleven men must be tackling, and ten men must be blocking if a team is to win six games in a conference like the Big Ten.

Shortly after the late President Richards instituted the complete purity program on South Mountain, the university weaned Percy Wendell, an all-American football player at Harvard, away from Williams where he had just won four consecutive Little Three championships. On the face of his previous record Wendell was supposed to produce winning football teams at Lehigh. During four years at the New England school his teams won 25 games while losing only five. In his next three years at Lehigh he was able to produce only four victories against 20 defeats and two ties. That is a truly remarkable reversal of form, and it cannot be blamed on the coach. *Our opponents scored 496 points to our 64 over that three year period!*

Conditions were not improved any when the students won their fight to fire the coach. Austie Tate was brought in from Liberty High school where he had compiled a creditable record, and the same fate befell him. Over a six year period he won 20 games, lost 31, and tied three.

When Harmie was backfield coach at Purdue, the Boilermakers won twenty straight games. Jim Crowley, head coach of football at Fordham, has been trying to hire Marty Westerman, Harmie's line coach, as his own assistant at the metropolitan institution where football is big business, and a losing team is totally inexcusable under any circumstances. *These facts indicate that our coaching staff consists of men who know their job and who have had marked success at other colleges where they have had athletes to work with. Individually, perhaps, the component parts of the Lehigh football team show signs of athletic ability; but the smallness of the squad plus the shortcomings of the men work against the men who are trying twenty-four hours a day to give us a football team that will win games. Keep Harmie and his assistants, but do away with the system of completely unsubsidized football teams. Give Harmie a squad of men who will play the game. Give him reserve strength; men who will be capable of relieving the starting men. Give him the material to work with and Glen Harmeson will turn out football teams which no one will complain about.*

**DANSHAW**

from page 13

to schedule suitable opponents from outstanding colleges and universities. To do this we must have some incentive to attract football players of a calibre comparable to our opponents to enroll at Lehigh. *Subsidization is the best known means of attaining that end.*

Subsidization, if limited to some extent by scholastic requirements, cannot harm Lehigh's educational reputation. On the other hand, subsidization will bring us more outstanding athletes, the opportunity for Harmie to maintain a more extended surveillance of his team, nationally known opponents, and a winning team with its accompanying rise in school spirit of the students and alumni. Other schools have done it. Lehigh can do it.





## MESS EDUCATION

We took a field trip.  
 We are studying geology.  
 I looked for rocks.  
 A rock bit me.  
 I swear it did.  
 Maybe it was a snake.  
 People put antiseptics on me.  
 I laughed. It was fun.  
 I dated a girl.  
 We discovered sedimentary rock.  
 I got sedimentary over her.  
 I'm a sedimentary fool.  
 The Prof. said so, too.  
 We found something metallic.  
 It glinted.  
 It was an old bean can.  
 Beans make me think of Boston.  
 Boston is a nice town. So is Sacramento.  
 We dug granite out.  
 Jake slipped in a hole.  
 We dug Jake out.  
 Our field trip was a success.  
 Our Prof. is full of poison ivy.  
 He itches.  
 College is fun.

Pastor: Don't get flip with me, young man. I may preach at your funeral some day.

Joe: If you do, it will be over my dead body.

Then there's the Scotchman who became an orchestra leader because when he was a boy his father gave him a lollipop and he didn't want to waste the stick.



## HIS SMELLY PIPE WAS OVER-RIPE—

*but he's out of the dog house now!*



"OUT YOU GO, PETER! I won't marry a human smoke-screen! Where'd you get that tobacco anyway—in a fire sale? Snap out of it! Switch to a mild and fragrant blend."



**PIPE AT A WEDDING?** Sure! Pete made such a hit with his mild, grand-smelling Sir Walter Raleigh burley blend that even his mother-in-law smiled her approval!

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*The wife of a Czech  
Was Dolly MacFaye;  
And I called on her one night  
When her husband was away.  
Then lo and behold,  
Alas and alack;  
I was a bit "overdrawn"  
When the Czech bounced back.*

"Why don't you stop drinking? If you keep this up, you'll be seeing pink elephants, green-eyed tigers, zebras . . ."

"That's all right, I always loved the circus."

By the way, did they ever finish "Begin the Beguine"?

Did you hear about the girl who went to a masquerade dressed as a telephone operator and before the evening was over had three close calls?

The hum of conversation when a party of women get together usually means that someone is going to get stung.

Fish is a brain food. Think of the knowledge required to open a can of sardines?

A beggar was walking down the street carrying a tin cup with a big hole in the center. He was on a vacation.

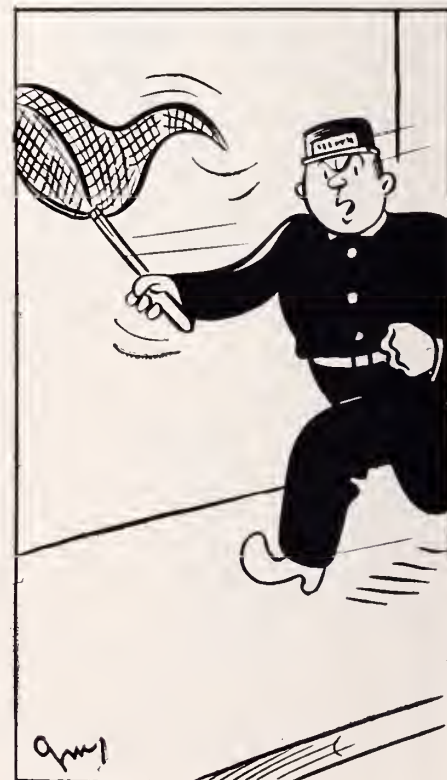
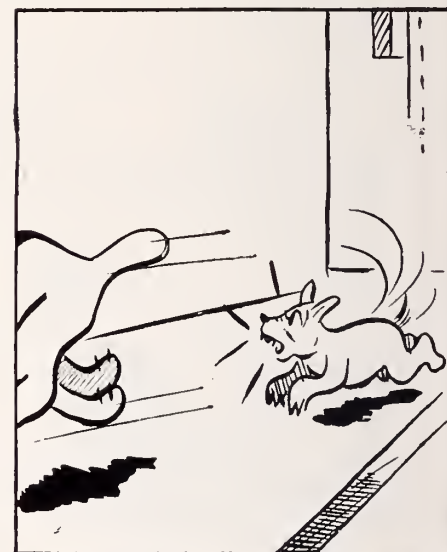
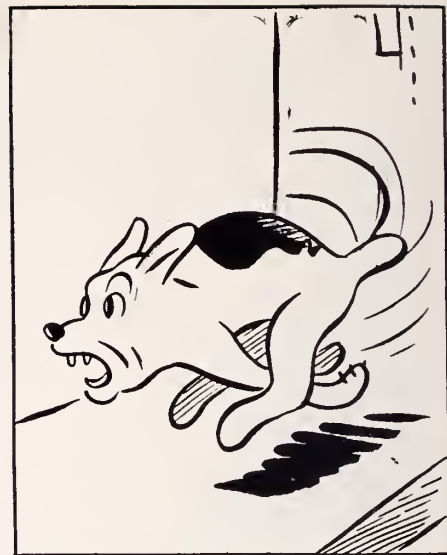
Conservative? He's the kind of a guy who bets on the rabbit in a dog race!

(Salesman in nudist camp): I wish to see the boss of this place.

Pretty Nudist: Just whom do you mean?

Salesman: I mean the fellow who wears the pants.

P. N.: Oh, there's nobody around here like that!



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Baa, baa, black sheep! Have you any  
wool?

Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full.  
One for my master and one for my  
dame—

And one for college students to pull  
over the eyes of college professors.  
—*Silver and Gold*

A young theologian named Fiddle  
Refused to accept his degree,  
For, said he, it's enough to be Fiddle  
Without being Fiddle, D.D.  
—*Jester*

Patriotism is taking your arm from  
around your girl to clap as the United  
States cavalry gallops across the screen.  
—*Jack-o'-Lantern*

"I've just taken a shine to your  
wife," said the stork to the negro when  
leaving the house.  
—*Texas Ranger*

Dr.: I'd like to have a quart of blood  
for transfusion. Can you give it?  
Stude: I can only give you a pint. I  
gotta shave tomorrow. —*Urchin*

Ring around the bathtub  
Fourteen inches high.  
Four and twenty boarders  
All as sore as I.  
When the door is opened,  
The bird that leaves a ring  
Is going to be as sad a sight  
As the guy who used to sing.  
—*Harvard Lampoon*

I was getting a room at the Bulmore  
last week when a young couple from  
upstate approached the clerk and asked  
for a room.  
Clerk—"Inside or outside room,  
sir?"  
Visitor—"Inside; it looks like rain."  
—*Wampus*

Young Wife—This is terrible! Not  
a thing in the house to eat! I'm going  
home to mother.  
Husband—I believe I'll go with you.  
—*Topper*

The first "House of Entertain-  
ment" at Cambridge Massachusetts,  
was kept by a church deacon who  
afterwards became steward of Har-  
vard College.

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The Phi Delt bath tub has been disconnected for a month.

Why haven't they fixed it?

Nobody's found out about it yet.

—Texas Ranger

•

Love makes the world go round;  
but then, so does a good swallow of  
tobacco juice.

—Texas Ranger

•

Prof.—"Will you fellows in the back  
stop exchanging notes?"

Stude—"Those aren't notes. They're  
dollar bills. We're shooting craps."

Prof.—"Oh, pardon me."

—Quip

•

"Know how to keep a horse from  
drooling?"

"No."

"Teach him to spit."

—Student

•

She: "Mmmmm, but that popcorn  
has a heavenly smell!"

He: "Hasn't it? I'll drive a little  
closer."

—Texas Ranger

She: Did anyone ever tell you how  
wonderful you are?

He: Don't believe they did.

She: Then where'd you get the idea?

—Columbia Jester

•

Some pumpkins are green

I am green

Therefore I am some pumpkins.

—Jacko

•

Science is resourceful; it couldn't  
pry open Pullman windows, so it air-  
conditioned the train.

—Exchange

•

She calls him Romeo because they  
always sit in the balcony when they go  
to the movies.

—Exchange

•

If the person who stole the jar of  
alcohol out of the cellar will return  
Grandma's appendix, no questions  
will be asked.

—Syracusan

•

First Little Boy—"I forgot to ask  
you to my picnic party tomorrow."

Second Little Boy—"Too late now,  
I've prayed for a blizzard."

—Log

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For that extra something —

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### Lehigh BACHELOR

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## BLUE PLATE

I met a vegetarian  
Upon the street today.  
He fixed me with his beady eye;  
I could not run away.

"Oh, is," he said, "your outlook puce?  
Try drinking healthful turnip juice.  
And if you're feeling dull and grey,  
I'd recommend some new-mown hay;  
Or if your skin has lost allure,  
A bunch of scallions is the cure.  
If your sex-life less amusing?  
Kohlrabi's what you should be using."

"Avaunt," I cried. "You shall not tell  
Me what I am to eat,  
For know, young herbivome, that I'm  
An advocate of meat.

"Oh, I have eaten snails and whales  
And men from Yale and cougars' tails.  
I would not hesitate to hand a  
Toothsome baby giant panda  
To my chef to make ragout.  
I love red howler-monkey stew,  
And rattlesnakes, and lizzard cakes;  
And *you* are just the *sort* one takes  
To . . . ."

He loosed his beady eye and mopped  
His damp and dewy brow.  
I did not give him time to say  
"I must be going now."

—*Harvard Lampoon*

Co-ed—"Oh, professor, whatever do  
you think of me now that I've kissed  
you?"

Professor—"You'll pass."

—*Scope*

Frosh: "My ancestors came over on  
the Mayflower."

Soph: "You're lucky, we have im-  
migration laws now."

—*Humbug*

If you don't think we are hard on  
foreigners, just watch us down the  
Scotch.

—*Humbug*

"Is this dance formal, or do I wear  
my own clothes?"

—*Owl*

"Now," said the Prof, "pass all  
your papers to the end of the row.  
Have a carbon sheet under each one  
so I can correct all mistakes at once."

—*Pup*

## Bethlehem National Bank

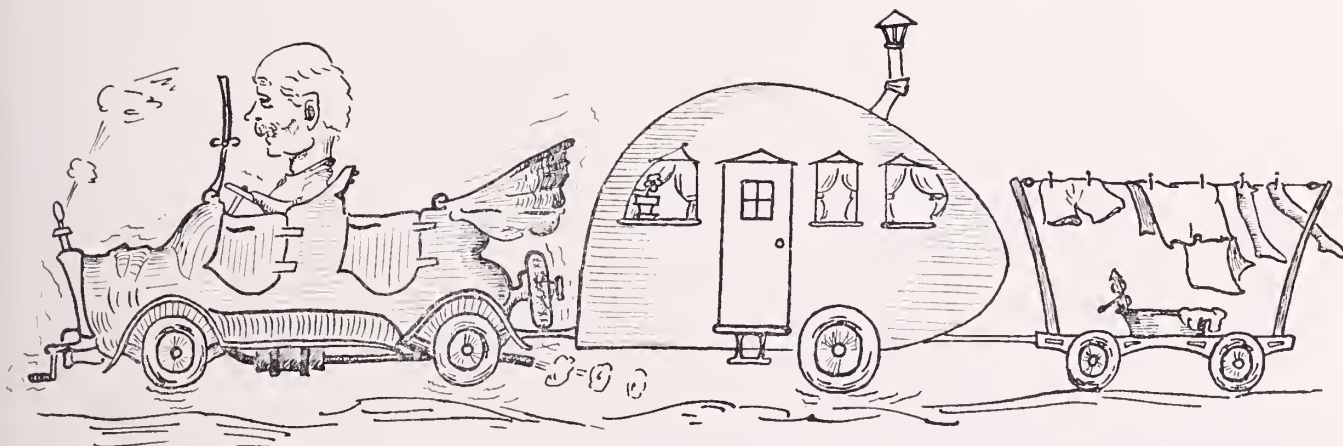
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A man walked across the Brooklyn  
bridge, "Apples, apples."



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Lady (to street car motorman)—  
Please, Mr. Motorman, will I get a  
shock if I step on the track?

Motorman—No, lady. Not unless  
you put your other foot on the trolley  
wire.

—Purple Cow

Mr. Suburb kissed his wife a fond  
farewell as he was about to catch his  
morning bus. But, for the first time in  
five years, he missed it. Thinking to  
surprise his spouse, he tiptoed into the  
kitchen, and implanted a tender kiss  
on the back of her neck as she was  
washing the dishes.

"Good morning," she said, "I'll  
have two bottles of milk and a pint  
of cream.

—Showme

"When is the only time a woman is  
justified in spitting in a man's face?"

"When his moustache is on fire."

—Texas Ranger

A college freshman was being se-  
verely criticized by his professor.

"Your last paper was very difficult  
to read," said the professor. "Your  
work should be so written that even  
the most ignorant will be able to under-  
stand."

"Yes, sir," said the student. "What  
part didn't you get?"

—Exchange

Dave Gregory '43—Advertising Manager

Chi Phi House

Phone 1325

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